Liver Ills

UNION MEAT MARKET.

JOHN REIER

Fresh and Salt Meats Bologna, Sausage, &c.

Highest market price paid for cattle, calves, sheep, hogs, poultry and hides.

Washington Street NAPOLEON, OHIO.

THIESEN & HILDRED,

Doors, Sash and Blinds Moldings, Window and Door Frames Scroll Sawing & Turning

offact allwoodworkto completes building Alsodealersin Lumber, Lath, Shingles, Lime Cement,

PlasterandPlastering Hair, Lump Saliforsalti, CattleandHorses, etc. We keep constantly on hand

BUILDING STONE.

Foundation Block Stone Thiesen, Hildred & Co.

FRED. GROENEWOLD

-Practical-

Plumber --

Sanitary Engineer.

Constantly on Hand. A fine line of

Hose, Lawn Sprinklers, &c.,

To select from.

Rates for Complete Job of Pipe Laying cheerfully furntaked on application. Prompt the morning in Kensington palace, where she asked the archbishop of Canterbury to

NAPOLEON

Brewing Co

Lager Beer

FAMILIES SUPPLIED WITH

BOTTLED BEER! OfSuperiorExcellenceand Quality

ESTABLISHED 1860 € --

C. E. REYNOLDS

LOAN AND

INSURANCE OFFICE

NAPOLEON, OHIO

Money to Loan

Insums of \$1,000 and apwards on five yearstime.

Also, fire life and a coldental asurance . All'ossesprompthyadjusted. Notossave tontested nihisagency.

Officesverfee, Tahn's:lothingstore, opposit Court House NAPOLEON, OHIO.



SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN, MUNN & CO., 361 Breadway, New York.

Better try the NORTHWEST for a year.

VICTORIA'S JUBILEE.

REV. DR. TALMAGE PREACHES UPON A TIMELY THEME.

He Pays a Glowing Tribute to Great Brit Ain's Venerable Ruler-The Capacity of Women-The Splendors of Earth and

BEATRICE, Neb., June 20 .- This is Dr. Talmage's third annual visit to the Chau-

This question, which was asked of a with the doxologies which this bour roll all in nobility and grandeur and thore almost affrighted girl of 18 years with the startling words, "your majesty," until huzza and the benedictions of earth and heaven, "What wilt thou, Queen Esther?" ment, the prayer of all good people on all sides of the seas, whether that prayer be offered by the 300,000,000 of her subjects or the larger number of millions who are not her subjects, whether that prayer be orchestras or poured forth by military bands from forts and battlements and in front of triumphant armies all around the world, has been and is now, "God save the queen!" Amid the innumerable columns that have been printed in eulogy of this queen at the approaching anniversary—columns which, put together, would be literally miles long—it seems to me that the chief cause of congratulation to her and of praise to God has not yet been propchief keynote has not been struck at all.

erly emphasized, and in many cases the We have been told over and over again what has occurred in the Victorian era. The mightiest thing she has done has been almost ignored, while she has been honored by having her name attached to indivi-duals and events for whom and for which she had no responsibility. We have put before us the names of potent and grandly useful men and women who have lived during her reign, but I do not suppose that she at all helped Thomas Carlyle in twisting his involved and mighty satires, or helped Disraell in issuance of his epigrammatic wit, or helped Cardinal Newman in his crossing over from religion to religion, or helped to inspire the enchanted sentiments of George Ellot and Harriet Martineau and Mrs. Browning, or helped to invent any of George Cruikshank's healthful cartoons, or helped George Grey in founding a British South African empire, or kindled the patriotic forvor with which John Bright stirred the masses, or had anything to do with the invention of the telephone or photograph, or the build-ing up of the science of bacteriology, or the directing of the Boentgen rays which have revolutionized surgery, or helped in the inventions for facilitating printing and railroading and ocean voyaging. One is not to be credited or discredited for the virtue or the vice, the brilliance or the stupidity, of his or her contemporaries. While Queen Victoria has been the friend of all art, all literature, all science, all invention, all reform, her reign will be most remembered for all time and all eternity as the reign of Christianity. Be-ginning with that scene at 5 o'clock in

er of heaven and earth, and in Jesus Christ, his only begotten Son." I declare it, fenriess of contradiction, that the mightiest champion of Christianity today is the throne of England. The queen's book, so much criticised at the time of its appearance, some saying it was not skillfully done and some saying that the private affairs of a household ought not so to have been exposed, was nevertheless a book of vast usefulness from the fact that it showed that God was acknowledged in all her life and that "Rock of Ages" was not an unusual song in Windsor castle. Was her son, the Prince of Wales, down with an illness that baffled the greatest doctors of England? Then she proclaimed a day of prayer to Almighty God, and in answer to the prayers of the whole civilized world the prince got well. Was Sevastopol to be taken and the thousands of bereaved homes of soldiers to be comforted? She called her nation to its knees, and the prayer was answered. See her walking through the hospitals like an angel of mercy! Was there ever an explo-sion of fire damp in the mines of Sheffield or Wales and her telegram was not the first to arrive with help and Christian sympathy? Is President Garfield dying at

pray for her, and they knelt down, im-ploring divine guidance, until this hour, not only in the sublime liturgy of her

established church, but on all occasions,

she has directly or indirectly declared, "I

believe in God the Father Almighty, mak-

busy in announcing the symptoms of the sufferer?

Long Branch, and is not the cable under

the sea, reaching to Balmoral castle, kept

Victoria's Throne. I believe that no throne since the throne of David, and the throne of Hezekinh, and sanitary lesson of good hours, plain food, the throne of Esther has been in such constant touch with the throne of heaven as the throne of Victoria. From what I know of her habits she reads the Bible more than of her habits she reads the Bible more than the state of her habits she reads the Bible more than the state of her habits she reads the Bible more than the state of the state o she does Shakespaare. She admires the harm." harm." outside does Byron's "Corsair." She has not knowingly admitted into her presence a corrupt man or dissolute woman. To very distinct the desired of the correct man or dissolute woman. To very distinct the desired of the correct man or dissolute woman. distinguished novelists and very celebrated prima donnas she has declined reception because they were immoral. All the coming centuries of time cannot revoke the advantages of having had 60 years of Christian womanhood inthroned in the palaces of England. Compare her court surroundings with what were the court surround-

finishes her work as

fresh and bright as

The N. K. Fairbank Company, Chicago. St. Louis. New York. Boston. Philadelphia.

her house is clean. Largest package-greatest economy.

or Napoleon, in the time of Louis XVI, in the times of men and women whose names may not be mentioned in decent society. Alas for the revelries, and the worse than Belshazzar feasts, and the more than Herodian dances, and the scenes from which the veil most not be lifted. You need, however, in order to appreci-ate the purity and virtuous splendor of

Victoria's reign to contrast it somewhat with the gohennas and the pandemoniums of many of the thronerooms of the past and some of the thronerooms of the present. I call the roll of the queens of the earth, not that I would have them come tauqua here, one of the greatest throngs up or come back, but that I may make ever assembled on this continent. He lectured yesterday; he preaches today. Text, Esther v, 3, "What wilt thou, Queen Esther?"

up or come back, but that I had a learn the present septuagens-rian, so soon to be an octogenarian, now on the throne of England, her example so on the throne of England, her example so thoroughly on the right side that all the queen thousands of years ago, all civilized scandal mongers in all the nations in six nations are this day asking of Queen Vic-toria. "What wilt thou have of honor, of ture an evil suspicion in regard to her reward or reverence or service of national that could be made to stick: Maria of and international acclamation? What Portugal, Isabella and Eleanor and Joanwilt thou, the queen of the nineteenth na of Spain, Catherine of Russia, Mary of century?" The seven miles of procession Scotland, Maria Theresa of Germany, Mario through the streets of London day after Antoinette of France and all the queens tomorrow will be a small part of the congratulatory procession whose multitudi-nous tramp will encircle the earth. The umes. And while some queen may surpass colebrative authors that will sound up from Westminster abbey and St. Paul's in attractiveness of feature, and another cathedral in London will be less than the in gracefulness of form, and another in rovibration of one harp string as compared | mance of history, Victoria surpasses them up from all nations in praise to God for ness of Christian character. I hail her, the beautiful life and the glorious reign of the Christian daughter, the Christian this oldest queen amid many centuries. wife, the Christian mother, the Christian From 5 o'clock of the morning of 1837, queen, and let the church of God and all queen, and let the church of God and all when the archbishop of Canterbury ad-dressed the embarrassed and weeping and world over cry out, as they come, with music and bannered host and million voiced Life Uncorrupted.

Another thing I call to your attention in this illustrious woman's career is that she is a specimen of high life uncorrupted. Would she have lived to celebrate the sixsolemnized in church, or rolled from great tieth anniversary of her coronation and orchestras or poured forth by military the seventy-eighth anniversary of her birthday, had she not been an example of good principles and good habits? While there have been bad men and women in exalted station and humble station who have carried their vices clear on into the seventies and eighties and even the nineties of their lifetime, such persons are very rare. The majority of the vicious die in their thirties, and fewer reach the forties, and they are exceedingly scarce in the fifties. Longevity has not been the characteristic of the most of those who have reached high places in that or this country. In many cases their wealth leads them into indulgences, or their honors make them reckless, or their opportunities of doing wrong are multiplied into the overwhelming, and it is as true now as when the Bible first presented it, "The wicked live not out half their days.' Longevity is not a positive proof of good-ness, but it is prima facte evidence in that direction. A loose life has killed hundreds of eminent Americans. A loose life is now killing hundreds of eminent Americans and Europeans. The doctors are very kind, and the certificate given after the distinguished man of dissipation is dead, says, "Died of congestion of the brain," although it was delirium tremens, or "Died of cirrhosis of the liver," although it was a round of libertinism, or "Died of heart failure," although it was the vengeance of outraged law that slew him. Thanks, doctor, for you are right in saving the feelings of the bereft house hold by not being more specific. Look, all ye who are in high places of the earth, and see one who has been plied by all the temptations which wealth and honor and the secret place of palaces could produce, and yet next Tuesday she will ride along in the presence of 7,000,000 people, if they can get within sight of her chariot, in a vigorous old age, no more hurt by the splendors that have surrounded her for 78 years than is the plain country woman come down from her mountain home in an exeart to attend the Saturday marketing. The temptations of social life among the successful class have been so great that every winter is a holocaust of human erves, and the beaches of this tossing sea of high life are constantly strewn with physical and mental and moral shipwreek. Beware, all ye successful ones. Take a good look at the venerable queen as she

> If you are doing nothing for God or the race, the sconer you quit the better. But if you are worth anything for the world's betterment, in the strength of God and through good habits, lay out a plan for a life that will reach through most of a cen-tury. How many people are practically suicides from the fact that their gorman dizing or their recklessness or their defiance of dietetics and plain sanitary law cuts short their days! Indeed, so great is the temptation of those who have bountiful tables and full wine closets that Solomon suggests that instead of putting the knife into the meat on their plate they direct the edge of it across their throat. Proverbs xxiii, 1, "When thou sittest to eat with a ruler, consider diligently what is before thee, and put a knife to thy throat if thou be a man given to appetite." I believe more people die of improper eating than die of strong drink. The former causes no delirium or violence and works more gradually, but none the less fatally. Victoria's habits, self denying and almost ascetic, under a good Providence, account for her magnificent longevity. It may be a homely lesson for a sexagesimal anniversary in British palaces, but it is worth all the millions of dollars the celebration will cost and the laborious convocation of the representatives from all the zones of the planet if the nations will learn the harm." And here let me say, no people outside of Great Britain ought to be more interested in this queen's jubilee than our nation. The cradles of most of our ancestors were rocked in Great Britain. They played in childhood on the banks of the Thames, or the Clyde, or the Shannon. Take from my veins the Welsh blood and the Scotch blood, and the streams of my life would be a shallow. Great Britain is bur grandmother. We have read in the family records that without our grandmother's consent her daughter, our moth-

rides through Regent street and along the

Strand and through Trafalgar square and by the Nelson monument. What is the use of your dying at 40, when you may just as well live to be 80?

ings in the time of Henry VIII, or what er, left home and married the genius of were the court surroundings in the time American independence and for awbile The Woman Who Uses

Always eases the teething baby; is

an absolutely safe remedy for flatulency, griping and colic, but only the genuine Dr. JohnW.Bull's Baby Syrup can be relied on. Use no other. Price only 25 cts. Chew LANGE'S PLUGS, The Great Tobacco Antidote, 10c. Dealers or mail. A.C. Meyer & Co., Balto., Md.

there was bitter estrangement. But the family quarrel has ended, and all has been forgiven, and we shake hands every day

eross the sens.
At this queenly anniversary our authorized representatives will offer greeting in Buckingham palace, and our warships will thunder congratulation in English waters. They are over there, bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh. It is our John Bunyan, our Wilberforce, our Colcridge, our De Quincey, our John Milton, our John Wesley, our John Knox, our Thomas Chalmers, our Bishop Charnock, our Lat-imer, our Ridley, our Walter Scott, our Daniel O'Connell, our Robert Emmet, our Havelock, our Henry Lawrence, our William E. Gladstone, our Queen Victoria! Long live the daughter of the Duchess of

Again, this international occasion imresses me with the fact that woman is mpetent for political government when God calls her to it. Great fears have been experienced in this country that woman would get the right of suffrage, and as a quence, after awhile, woman might get into congressional chair, and, perhaps get into congressional chart, and, perhaps after awhile, reach the chief magistracy. Awful! Well, better quiet your perturba-tions, as you look across the sea, in this anniversary time, and behold a woman who for 60 years has ruled over the mightlest empire of all time and ruled well. In approval of her government, the hands of all nations are clapping, the flags of all nations waving, the batteries of all nations booming. Look here! Men have not made such a wonderful success of government that they need be afraid that women should ever take a turn at power. The fact is that men have made a bad mess of it. The most damnably corrupt thing on earth is American politics after men have had it all their own way in this ountry for 121 years. Other things being equal, for there are fools among romen as well as among men-I say other things being equal, woman has generally a keener sense of what is right and what is wrong than has man—has naturally more faith in God and knows better how to make self sacriflees and would more boldly act against intemperance and the ocial evil, and worse things might come to this country than a supreme courtroom and a senate chamber and a house of repenate chamber and a house of rep-

resentatives in which womanly voices vere sometimes heard. We men had better drop some of the strut out of our pompous gait and with a little less of supercillousness thrust the thumbs into the sleeves of our vests and be less apprehensive of the other sex, who seem to be the Lord's favorites from the fact that he has made more of them. If woman had possessed an influential and entrolling vote on Capitol hill at Washington and in the English parliament, do you think that the two ruffian and murlerous nations of the earth could have gone on until this time with the butcher-ies in Armenia and Cuba? No! The Christian nations would have gone forth with bread and medicine and bandages and military relief, until Abdul Hamid would have had no throne to sit on, and Weyler, the commanding assassin in Cuba, would have been thrust into a prison as dark as that in which they murdered Dr. Ruiz. I am no advocate for female suffrage, and I do not know whether it would be best to have it, but I point you to the crowns?" queen of Great Britain and the nation wreathed flowers. To prepare a crown for over which she rules as proof that woman your child and make her the "queen of ally dominant and presper ity reign. God save the queen, whether now, on the throne in Buckingham pal-

ace, or in some time to come in American And now I pray God that day after tomorrow the uncertain skies of England, so economic of sunshine, may pour golden light upon all the scene, and that since the day when, in Westminster abbey, the girlish queen took in one hand the scepter and in the other the orb of empire, there may have been no day so happy as that may have been no day so happy as that rolling, outspreading magnificence—and one in which she shall this week receive so on his head shall be many crowns. the plaudits of Christendom. May she be strengthened in her aged body to ride the whirlwind of international excitement and her failing vision be illumined with bright memories of the past and brighter visions of the future, and when she quits the hrone of earth may she have a throne in neaven, and as the doors of the eternal palace are swung open, may the question

of the text sound in her enraptured ears, What wilt thou, Queen Esther?" Two Coronations. But as all of us will be denied attendance on that sixtleth anniversary corona-tion I invite you, not to the anniversary of a coronation, but to a coronation itself

—aye, to two coronations. Brought up as we are, to love as no other form of government that which is republican and democratic, we living on this side of the sea cannot so easily as those living on the other side of the sea appreciate the two ecronations to which all up and down the Bible you and I are urgently invited. Some of you have such morbid ideas of re-ligion that you think of it as going down into a dark cellar, or out on a barren com-mons, or as a flagellation, when, so far from a dark cellar, it is a palace, and instend of a barren commons it is a garden, atoss with the brightest fountains that were ever rainbowed, and instead of flagellation it is coronation, but a coronation utterly eclipsing the one whose sixtleth anniversary is now being celebrated. It was a great day when David, the little king who was large enough to thrash Goliath, took the crown at Rabbah—a crown weighing a talent of gold and encircled with precious stones—and the people shout-ed, "Long live the king!" It was a great day when Petrarch, surrounded by 12 patrician youths clothed in scarlet, received from a senator the laurel crown, and the people shouted, "Long live the poet!" It was a great day when Mark Antony put upon Casar the mightiest tiara of all the earth, and in honor of divine authority Casar had it placed after-ward on the head of the statue of Jupiter Olympus. It was a great day when the greatest of Frenchmen took the diadem of Charlemagne and put it on his own brow. It was a great day when, about an eighth of a mile from the gate of Jerusalem, under a sky pallid with thickest darkness. and on a mountain trammeled of earth quake, and the air on fire with the blas phemies of a mob, a crown of spikes was put upon the pallid and agonized brow of our Jesus. But that particular coronation, amid tears and blood and groans and shivering cataclysms, made your own corona-

tion possible. Paul was not a man to lose his equilibrium, but when that old missionary, with crooked back and inflamed eyes, got a glimpse of the crown coming to him and coming to you, if you will by repent-ance and faith accept it, he went into ecstasies, and his poor eyes flashed and his crooked back straightened as he cried to Timothy, "There is laid up for me a crown of righteousness," and to the Co-rinthians, "These athletes run to 'obtain a corruptible, we an incorruptible' crown." And to the Thessalonians he speaks of the crown of glory." and to the Philip-

pians ne says, "My joy and crown." The Apostle Peter catches the inspiration and cries out, "Ye shall receive a crown of glory that fadeth not away," and St. John joins in the rapture and says, "Faithful to death, and I will give thee a crown of life," and elsewhere exclaims, "Hold fast, that no man take thy crown." Crowns, crowns, crowns! You did not expect in coming here today to be invited to a cor-You can scarcely believe your own cars, but in the name of a pardoning God, and a sacrificing Christ, and an omnipotent Holy Spirit, and a triumphant heaven I offer each one a crown for the asking. Crowns, crowns! How to get the crown? The way Victoria got her crown—

on her knees. Although eight duchesses and marquises, all in cloth of silver, car-

ried her train, and the windows and arches and roof of the abbey shook with the "Te tion. The quiet, gentlemanly garb is his, and he should adhere to it. Employers look not for the latest styles in a young Deum" of the organ in full dispason, she had to kneel, she had to come down. To get the crown of pardon and eternal life you will have to kneel, you will have to come down. Yea! History says that at her coronation not only the entire assembly wept with profound emotion, but Victoria was in tears. So you will have to have your dry eyes moistened with tears, in your case tears of repentance, tears of joy, tears of coronation, and you will feel like erying out with Jeremiah, "Oh, that my head were waters and mine eyes fountains of tears." Yes, she was during the ceresalled the Lia Fail, which, as I remember lt, as I have seen it again and again, was rough and not a foot high, a lowly and humble place in which to be seated, and it you are to be growned king or queen to God forever, you must be seated on the Lia Fail of profound humiliation.

After all that she was ready for the throne, and let me say that God is not going to leave your exaltation half done There are thrones as well as crowns await thrones!" and again he said, "They shall reign forever and ever." Thrones! Thrones! Get ready for the coronation. But I invite you not only to your own coronation, but to a mightler and the mightlest. In all the ages of time no one ever had such a hard time as Christ while he was on earth. Brambles for his brow, expectoration for his cheek, whips for his back, spears for his side, spikes for his fect, contumely for his name, and even in our time, how many say he is no Christ at all, and there are tens of thousands of hands trying to push him back and keep him down. But, oh, the human and satanic impotency! Can a spider stop an albatross? Can the hole which the shovel of a child digs in the sand at Cape May swallow the Atlantic? Can the breath of a summer fan drive back the Mediterranean euroelydon? Yes, when all the combined forces of earth and hell can keep Christ from ascending the throne of universal dominion. David the palmis foresaw that coronation, and crice out in regard to the Messiah, "Upon himself shall his crown flourish." From the cave of black basalt St. John foresaw it, and cried, "On his head were many crowns. Now do not miss the beauty of that fig ure. There is no room on any head for more than one crown of silver, gold or diamond. Then what does the book mean when it says, "On his head were many crowns?" Well, it means twisted and enyou might take the white floy ers out of one parterre, and the crimsor flowers out of another parterre, and the blue flowers out of another parterre, and the pink flowers out of another parterre, and gracefully and skillfully work these four or five crowns into one crown of beauty. So all the splendors of earth and heaven are to be enwreathed into one coronal for our Lord's forehead—one blazing

Cross and Crown. world's best music will yet be sounded in his praise, the world's best ar-chitecture built for his worship, the

world's best paintings descriptive of his triumphs, the world's best sculpture perpetuate the memory of his heroes and heroines. Already the crown woven out of many crowns is being put upon his brow. His scarred feet are already ascending the throne. A careful statistician estimates that in 1950 there will be 174,-000,000 people in the United States, and by the present ratio of uniting with the church 100,000,000 of them will be church members. What think ye of that, ye pessimists inspired by the devil? The deadest failure in the universe is the kingdom of satan. The grandest throne of all time and all eternity is the one that Christ is now mounting. The most of us will not see the consummation in this world, but we will gaze on it from the high heavens. The morning of that consummation will arrive, and what a stir in the holy city! All the towers of gold will ring its arrival. All the charlots will roll in-to line. The armies of heaven which John saw scated on white horses passing in infinite cavalcade. The inhabitants of Europe, Asia, Africa, North and South America and of all islands of the sea, and perhaps of other worlds, will join in a procession, compared with which that of next Tuesday will not make one battalion. The Conqueror ahead, having on his vesture and on his thigh written "King of Kings and Lord of Lords," and when he passes through the chief of the 12 uplifted gates, all nations following, may you and I be there to hear the combined shout of church nilitant and church triumphant. Until the choirs standing on "the sea of glass mingled with fire" shall sound the triumph in more jubilant strains, accom-panied by harpers with their harps and trumpeters with their trumpets, the hundred and forty and four thousand coming into the chorus, I think we will stick to Isaac Watts' old hymn, which the 5,000 natives of Tonga, Fiji and Samoa sang when they gave up their idolatries for Christianity, and I would not be surprised to see some of you old heroes of the cross, who for a life time have been tolling in the service, tenting time with your right

and, a little tremulous with many years Jesus shall reign where'er the sun Does his successive journeys run; His kingdom stretch from shore to shore Till suns shall rise and set no more. Let every creature rise and bring Peculiar honors to our King; Angels descend with songs again, And earth repeat the loud amen.

Hark! All through the house rings the wful sound, once heard never forgotten, the awful sound, once heard never forgotten, the sound of a child's croup cough. There is no time to lose. Croup is a monster that will not be trifled with. Then is the time that if you have neglected to provide yourself with a bottle of Dr. Hand's Cough and Croup Medicine you fully realize how careless and neglectful you have been. It is worth its weight in gold at that critical moment. And yet it costs only 25ca bottle at any drug store. at any drug store.

THE COLORED SHIRT.

ation of Good Taste and Young Man's Enemy.

In writing of "The Offense of the Colored Shirt" Edward W. Bok in The Ladies' Home Journal denounces it in its leon, O. present development-violent colors with white coliar, and worn with a loud cravat -as an absolute offense against good taste. "Many of the colors and combinations worn in shirts by men of good repute," he asserts, "have been borrowed from the sporting element-gamblers on the race track and followers of the prize-fight, who for a long time had a monopoly of this style of wardrobe and were known by their shirts of wonderful design, as well as by their clothes of loud and large 'checks.' Too many of our young men consider themselves well dressed nowadays with the lurid colored shirt as part of their toilet. If they could, however, see them-selves with the eyes of others, they would very speedily come to a different conclusion. A young man can least of all pro fane good taste in dress, no matter how general a foolish fad may become. He is always being judged by some one older than himself, and many a business man judges a young man's character by his dress. The colored shirt of violent color or design is not the young man's friend. It is his enemy. He does not impress peo-ple with his good taste by wearing it. On

man's dress, but for a sense of neatness and becomingness. "Dress cheerfully. At 20 we need no dress as if we were 50. There is a bappy medium between the black tie and the violent cravat of rainbow hue. That is where good taste comes in, and a young nan must exercise it. The colored shirt is possible for him, but within limitations. The pin dot or stripe is not offensive. On the contary, it is becoming. But brilliant cravats, fancy waistcoats, loud and large 'checks' in clothes and extreme colors in shirts are not for the young man of taste, refinement or of future standing. Nor are they one whit in better taste for the man of mature years. They are offensive and bespeak the man who affects them."

the contary, he shows the weakness in his character of a tendency to unwise imita-

Do You Travel?

If so, never start on a journey with-out a bottle of Foley's Colic Cure, a sure preventive of bowel complaints occasioned by change of water or climate. 25c. C. F. CLAY, Napo-

Worked an Old Trick.

"In my time," said a broker to his friends at Delmonico's the other day, "I have observed many sad and touching scenes, but never one which affected me as much as the one I witnessed last week.

"Passing along a busy thoroughfare I

paused for an instant in order to read and reflect upon the miscries of a man who bore the legend 'Deaf and Dumb,' pictur-ing to myself my own condition under like circumstances, when the following remark somewhat startled me: "'Say, Jimmio, here's a poor deaf and dumb man. Father gave me 5 cents to

spend, but I think I'd better give it to him. He needs it more than I do. "This was followed by the clink of a coin in the tin cup.

"Instinctively I turned to the boy who had made this remark to his companion and said:
"'Noble boy, I overheard your generous

words. You shall not want for the money. Here is a dime.'

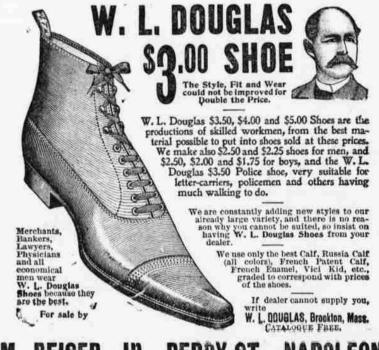
"With a courtesy and 'Thank you, sir."

he fled. "I turned to the deaf and dumb man The muscles of his face seemed to be working to a degree rarely seen in a man bereft of those important senses. Unable to con-

tain himself longer, he blurted out: "'Say, you're dopey. That kid has worked that racket before. That fl'pence s made of lend!"

'I went home and communed with my self."-Now York Times.

'There's no use in talking." says W. H. Broadwell, druggist, La Cygne, Kas. "Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy does the work. After taking medicines of my own preparation and those of others, I ook a dose of Chamberlain's and it helped me; a second dose cured me. Candidly and conscientiously I can recommend it as the best thing on the market." The 25 and 50 cent sizes for sale by D. J. Humphrey, Napoleon, Ohio.



M. REISER, JR., PERRY ST., NAPOLEON.

"A HAND SAW IS A GOOD THING, BUT NOT TO SHAVE WITH."

IS THE PROPER THING FOR HOUSE-CLEANING.



W. G. COOVER

2-OF THE BEST PLOWS ON EARTH-2

THE BRYAN, & DEFIANCE CLIPPER.

Also a full line of Walking and Riding Cultivators, Single and Double Shovel Plows, Paints, Olls, Varnishes and Glass. Also Roofing and Spouting done to order on short notice. I keep a full line of house furnishing goods.

All at W. C. COOVER'S HARDWARE. **********************

